



MOENCH

GULACY

PALMIOTTI

#5

SHANG CHI: MASTER OF KUNG FU

PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT
CONTENT



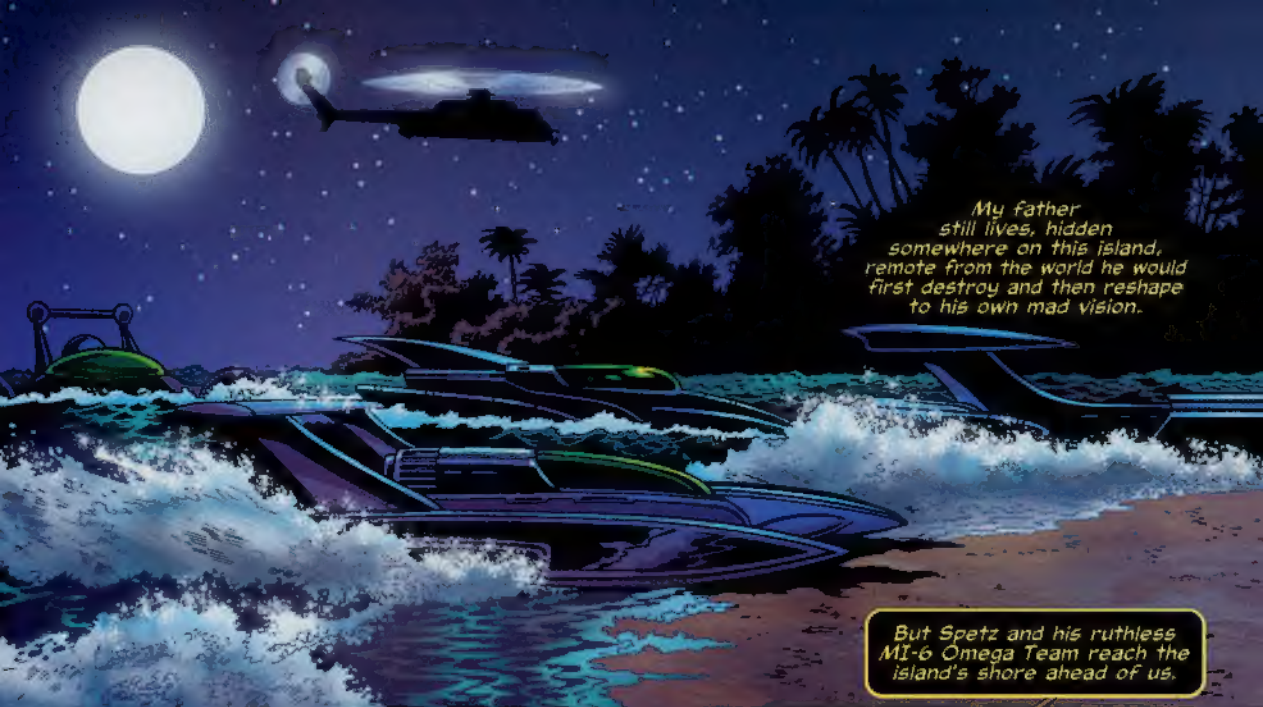
DIRECT EDITION



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My father
still lives, hidden
somewhere on this island,
remote from the world he would
first destroy and then reshape
to his own mad vision.

But Spetz and his ruthless
MI-6 Omega Team reach the
island's shore ahead of us.



THE
APOLLO
CALIFUR
NIA

What do
you see,
Stone?

Deception, Commander Spetz -- a helicopter on
a collision course with those three mountains, but
no collision after it entered the mist...

Meaning the mountains
are shorter than they seem, and
the "mist" is manufactured vapor,
nothing but a cover hiding --

Part 5: Shadow Moves

DOUG MOENCH writer PAUL GILLACU pencils
JIMMY PALMIOTTI inks PAUL MOUNTS colors
COMICRAFT's RICH NUGES letters



The
fucking jackpot,
Omegas -- the
Ghost's secret
base.

SIMONS and ALBESGAES
assistant editors
AXEL ALONSO
editor

JOE QUESADA
editor in chief
BILL JENAS
president

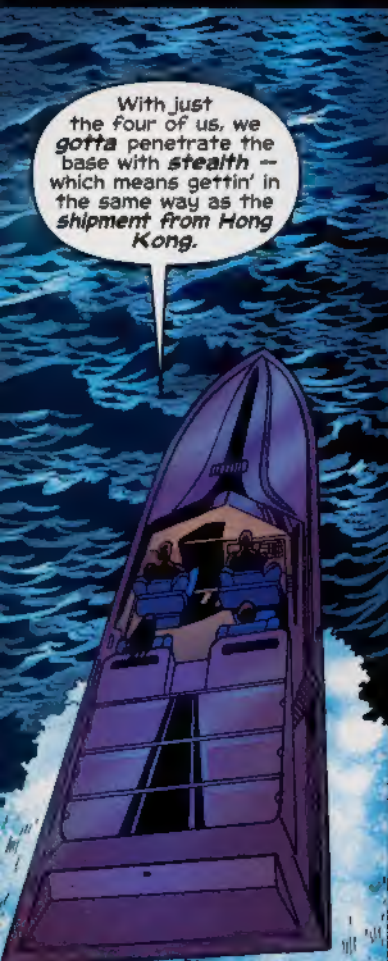


Stinkin' Spetz -- comin' in like gangbusters to blow our cover.

So what now, Black Jack?



We stick to the original plan, Reston, cuz we got no other choice.

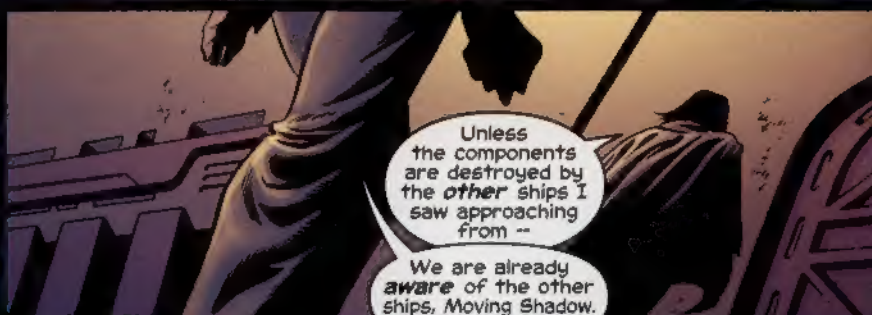


With just the four of us, we gotta penetrate the base with *stealth* -- which means gettin' in the same way as the shipment from Hong Kong.



The Hong Kong shipment is docking now.

And with the new *scalar* components, Moving Shadow, the Ghost's Hellfire will finally attain global reach.



Unless the components are destroyed by the other ships I saw approaching from --

We are already aware of the other ships, Moving Shadow.

Then why are you waiting?

With the ships right on our south shore, Hellfire hardly needs global reach.

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South shore
coordinates
locked.

Destroy.

High altitude
scalar injection
proceeding now.

Atmospheric
ionization building
toward
critical release in twenty
seconds and *counting*
down.



Mountains ain't
far, Commander Spetz,
but every step's through
shitty jungle.

Looks
like it's
boiling...
turning
black.

Which we slash
and burn *triple*
time.

Full fucking
assault loads,
and the first
pussy who
complains --

The
sky,
sir.

Filling
with *Hellfire*,
you idiot.

The
goddam Ghost
has *done* it...gone
operational.



RUN!!

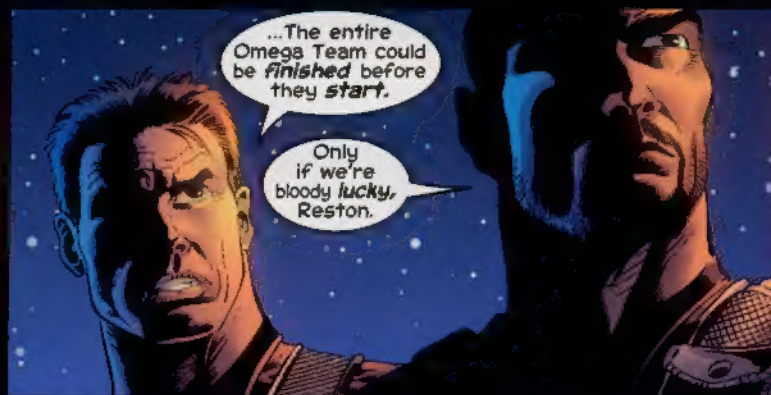


Hear that, Black Jack?

Big hit -- right where the Spetz boats beached.



And from the looks of that smoke...



...The entire Omega Team could be finished before they start.

Only if we're bloody lucky, Reston.



Now move it -- before they finish offloadin' the scalar shipment onto that lorry.



Last crate loaded.
Drive.



Here it comes, Chinaman -- go.

As I have told you many times, Black Jack Tarr...



My name is Shang-Chi.



I reach for Leiko.



As does Clive Reston.



He looks at me.



She does not.



Sitting on the Hellfire crates, we say nothing.

And the truck moves on, ever closer to my father's sanctum.

Tell me again, Moving Shadow, why you lost Shang-Chi in Singapore... yet dared return here.

To protect you from the next logical step taken by his MI-6 associates -- following the Hong Kong shipment to this island.

Which they have done -- only to be destroyed on the south shore.

Not Shang-Chi. Were he dead, I would feel it.

As would I, Moving Shadow... and what does his name mean to you?

The meaning of "Shang-Chi" is simple -- "the rising and advancing of a spirit" -- but a spirit soon freed from its flesh and forever lost.

Hrh.

Then do you not believe in the next world?

In "Paradise"? As the keeper of your scented gardens, I was hardly seduced by their false illusions.



And if I said those gardens were earthly glimpses of the **actual** reward awaiting those who die for my cause?

You would be **lying**.

One who **truly** believed in a Paradise of the next world would hardly use his Elixir of Life to remain immortal in **this** world.



And given this rejection of my promise, why are **you** willing to die for my vision of this world?



Perhaps I simply enjoy the very real rewards...
...the exquisite wine and willing women, **cultivated** in your false gardens.



Or...?
Or perhaps I enjoy the many opportunities to exercise my skill in the art of **killing**.

Shang-Chi is **also** skilled, and if he **does** reach this island --

His spirit will rise and advance **no farther**.



Excuse me, eminence...

What?

The shipment approaches our outer entrance, and Hellfire's reach will soon --



Extend to my **first** chosen target.



The utter destruction of **London**.



And **that**, Moving Shadow, is an exercise in the **true** art of killing.



I have left heaven
to enter hell for
two reasons, each
dividing my spirit in
a different fashion.



First, to reunite
the woman I once
loved with the
friend who is now
her husband.

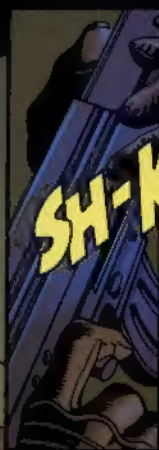


And second,
to put an end --
once and for
all -- to the
evil man who
gave me life.

To assist life to
prevent death,
splitting my heart
in two ways.



What is
the lesson's
answer? If the
quicksand will
swallow me... how
do I rescue
my doll?

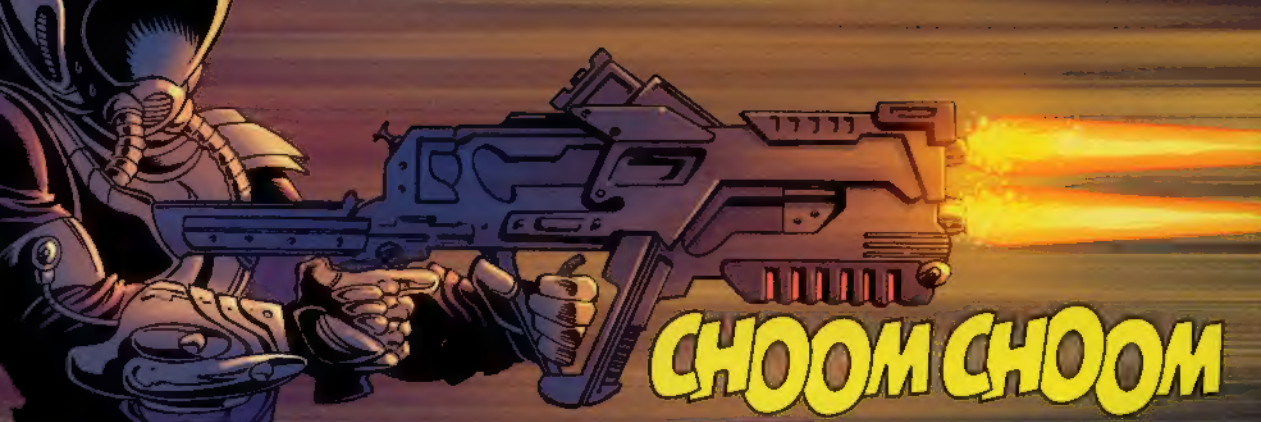


SH-KUK



Lorry's
slowin' down --
nearin' the
entrance.

Get
ready.



CHOOM CHOOM



Crash
the gate,
Omegans --
now!

No door-knocker
in sight, so grab
your balls and
swing 'em
hard!



BAOUM

BRAKAKAK

Not lucky by half,
dammit! Spetz is
bloody alive and
well!

Forget
stealth! Just
ball out --
fast!





Go --
now --
while they're
distracted with
the crates!

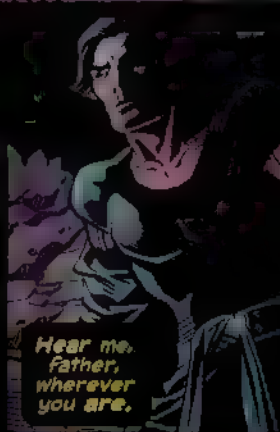


Awright,
we're in -- but
where the hell's the
Chinaman?

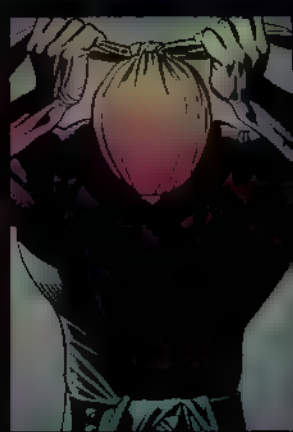
Already
slipped off on
his own, Black
Jack.



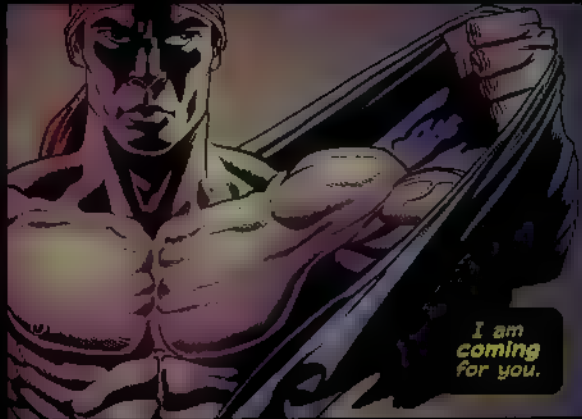
Playin' lone
wolf *again* --
bloody well
figures.



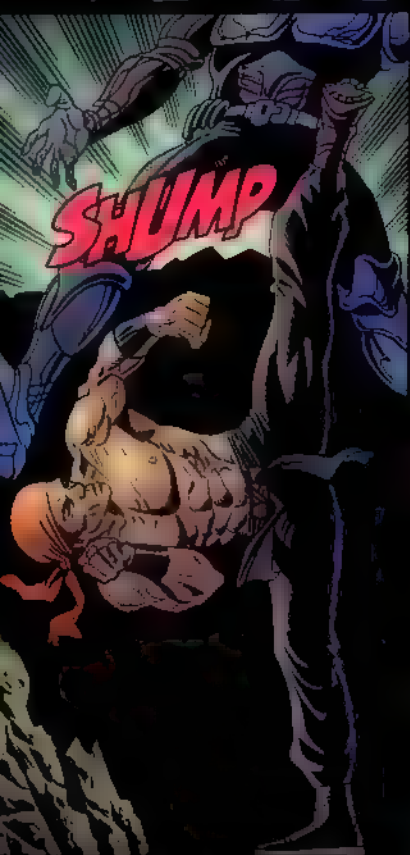
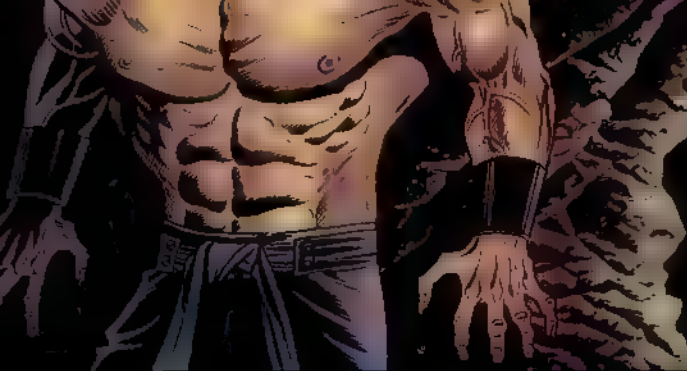
Hear me,
father,
wherever
you are.



CHAKT



I am
coming
for you.



Bloody hell,
it's a stinkin' maze in
here -- an' now that they've got
the goods from Hong Kong,
the Doomsday clock's
tickin' fast.

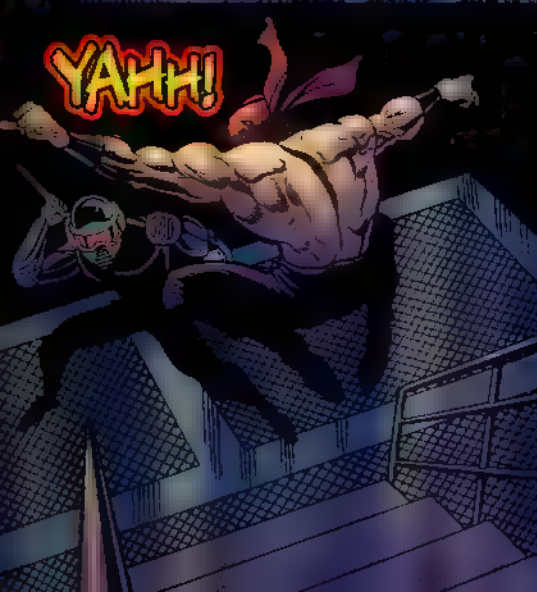
We gotta
find the Hellfire
weapon an' take it
out before --



Reinforcements --
in droves!
The
Ghost brought his
entire army from
France!



"The Chinaman *made* his choice -- an' he lives or dies with it on his own!"





That was Chi -- saved us from an ambush up ahead!

But only to take off again -- no doubt lookin' for his Devil Doctor Daddy.

What about Spetz's team? If they made it inside --

Doesn't matter, Wu, not with their gung-ho damage already done.

Faster, Omegas, and don't spare the ordinance!

Anything that moves is a target -- and every target drops!



No way we lose
this mission to **old man
Tarr's team** -- not with top
slot in MI-6 on the line.

Is that
fucking well
clear?

As
Crystal,
Commander
Spetz.



Nothing
up here!

Or this
way!



Maybe
we already
wasted 'em
all?



Assassins
everywhere.

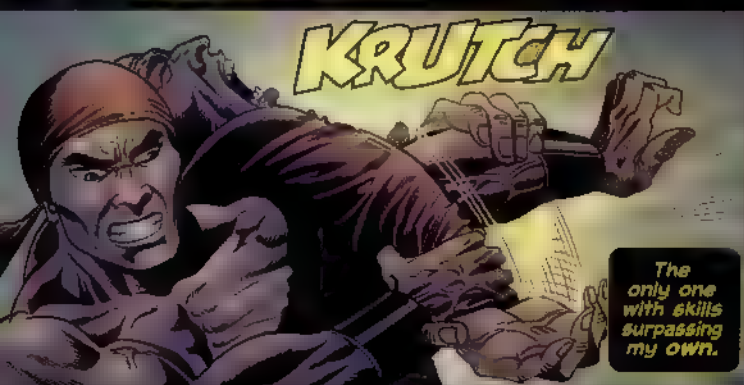


CHUFT

WHTOK

But none
a threat.

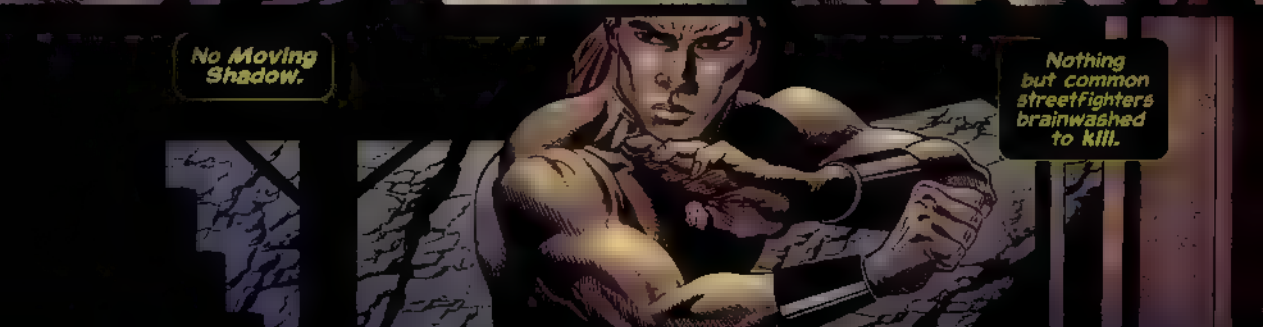
No sign of the
one assassin who
might stop me.



The
only one
with skills
surpassing
my own.



And the only
one I fear.



No Moving
Shadow.

Nothing
but common
streetfighters
brainwashed
to kill.



My
father --
the Ghost!
Where is
he?

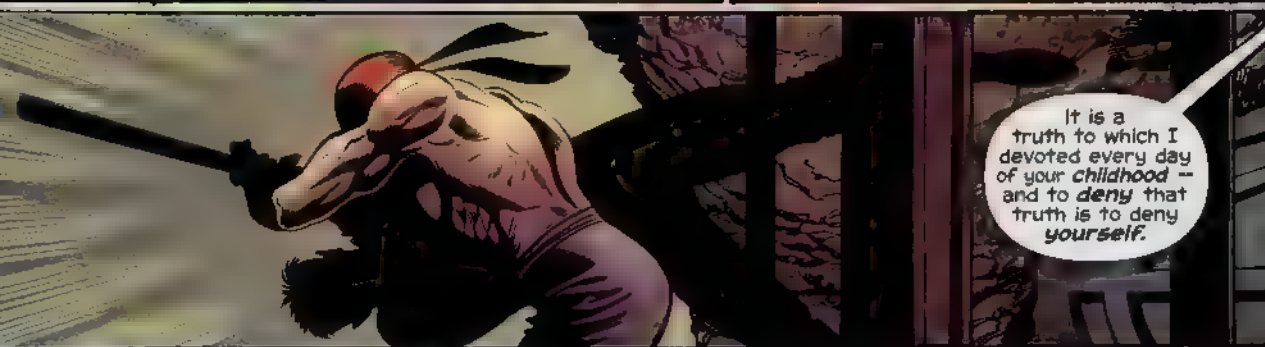
Near,
Shang-
Chi...



And had I not *disowned* you as my son, I would be proud.



you are a living weapon, and dealing violence is what you do *best*.



It is a truth to which I devoted every day of your *childhood* -- and to *deny* that truth is to deny *yourself*.



My defiance, father, is not denial.

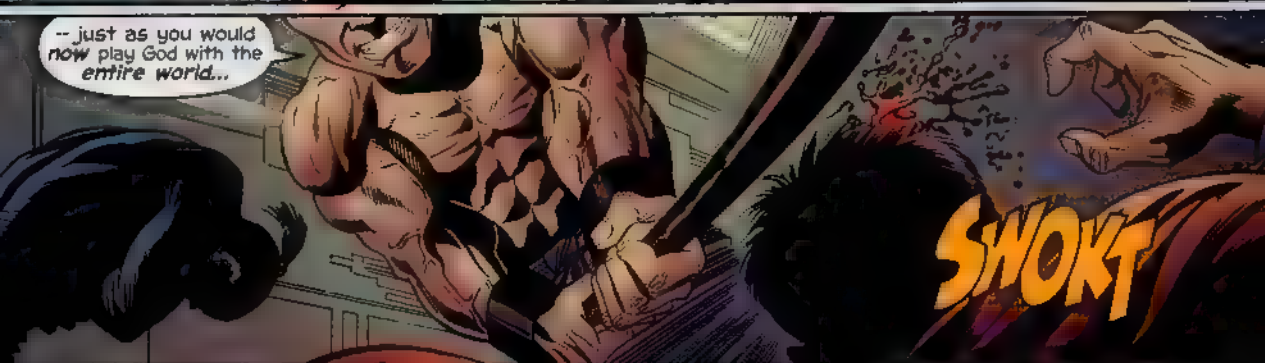
I deny none of what has passed -- but it was a past shaped by you...

...when I was too young to *see* its shape.



You played God with my unformed spirit --

KUMP



-- just as you would now play God with the entire world...

SWOKT

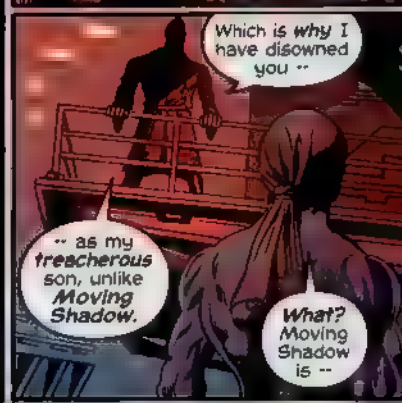


...erasing its "unworthy mistakes" by destroying everyone save your own chosen few.



But hardly by flood.

No, by fire from the sky -- and I am here, father, to steal your fire forever.



Which is why I have disowned you --

as my treacherous son, unlike Moving Shadow.

What? Moving Shadow is --



My offspring by a different maternal breeder.

The obedient weapon I never had in you...but found in your younger brother.



Heads up, Omegas -- and who the hell said we wasted 'em all?!

These tunnels are *crawlin'* with goddam bugs!



Because they know exactly *where* to crawl!



Buckman! You protecting your *gelnite* for the Hellfire weapon?

All ten pounds of it, sir, sealed and still dry.



Excellent, Buckman!



Parkins, Turnbull and Slade...

Once we locate the weapon, you will protect Buckman and his gelnite at all costs -- and I mean tight human-shield formation!



I don't want to see so much as a fucking Buckman *wart* when you swarm that weapon!

SHSS



And if any human shield should *die*, I expect it to remain standing until Buckman *plants* his load! Is that *understood*?

Parkins, Turnbull and Slade -- I can't hear you! Acknowledge, assholes, and acknowledge fucking now!



Over here, Commander Spetz!

What *is* it?



They're all *down*, sir!

Someone's picking us off from the *shadows*!



And Buckman's *gelignite* pack, sir...

Gone.

Moving Shadow
is your *son*...his spirit
darkened in the same
way you tried and failed
to darken *mine*...

...creating a
heartless and soulless
assassin...willing to kill
his own brother.

Evil so
stark, so
cruel...



At last,
Shang-Chi, you
become the son
our father always
wanted — an
assassin just
like me.

